

# LIBERATION

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## In This Issue:

DAVE DELLINGER spent three weeks in Cuba, in November. We have received requests for permission to translate the first part of his report, which appeared in the last issue, into Spanish, Dutch, and Norwegian.

DOUGLAS GORSLINE, whose drawings appear on pages 4 and 7, reports that while he was sketching the railroad car which is shown on page 7, "I was very soon arrested by the more enthusiastic of those present, and a militia man took me to the railroad cops, who took me to the main Havana police station, which, in turn, sent me to the Tourist Police. At all times I was treated with courtesy (after the first, rather grim, scene in the railroad yard). I was not asked for any identification, 'grilled' or 'threatened.' The Tourist Police wrote out an official pass for me to carry, which stated that it was permissible for me to draw anywhere in Cuba and guaranteed me police protection in case of need. Their comment: 'Those campesinos just don't understand artists yet!'"

HARRIS WOFFORD is associate professor of law at the University of Notre Dame Law School. During the recent campaign, he worked on Senator Kennedy's staff as a civil-rights adviser. The article in this issue is the substance of a talk he gave to students at Notre Dame. Copies may be obtained for ten cents each from the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity, 50 Whitehall St., S. W., Atlanta 3, Georgia.

KERWIN WHITNAH lives in San Francisco. This is his first appearance in LIBERATION.

BARBARA DEMING's poetry has appeared in a number of publications. Her account of the Peacemaker annual training program in nonviolence and of the Polaris Action project appeared recently in the *Nation*.

LOUIS GINSBERG lives in Paterson, New Jersey. He is the father of the poet, Allen Ginsberg.

The cover is by VERA WILLIAMS.

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GLEN GARDNER, N. J.

## WHEN YOU SEND TROOPS IN

In the *New Statesman* (London), for December 10th, 1960, one of Great Britain's best informed and most cogent interpreters of both scientific and political developments, Ritchie Calder, comments on an aspect of Belgian policy in the Congo which may be known to some American commentators but which has certainly not been adequately publicized. He first refers to a fact which has been fairly well exposed, viz, that under Belgian rule virtually nobody was trained to take over higher-echelon jobs. There was, e. g., not one single Congolese medical graduate but there were 761 European doctors.

Even this scandalous situation seems like a minor offense when one reads Calder's purely factual but devastating exposition of the way in which Belgium plundered the economic and financial resources of the Congo government. Moreover, he disposes of the impression that the Belgian rulers were hurried into granting independence and therefore could not in a couple of months prepare properly for a transfer of administration to a Congolese régime. "For a year before independence," Calder points out, "they were transferring material power to Brussels. They removed the gold reserve of the Congo, saying that it was necessary to underwrite pensions and compensation of displaced Belgians. Funds for the wages of Congolese workers in certain public utilities were also taken out of the country and money for payment of public services was blocked in Belgian banks." [emphasis added]

In 1957 the assets of the Congo treasury were approximately two hundred thousand dollars. By 1959 they had been reduced (by means of the measures mentioned above) to about ten thousand dollars. Moreover, the Central Bank of Congo a year or so before independence held additional Congolese money in the amount of about a hundred thousand dollars. By Independence Day, in July 1960, not only had this balance disappeared but the new government found itself owing the Belgian-controlled bank forty thousand dollars. As Calder remarks, "this is a strange-looking ledger for a country whose

annual exports were worth about \$400,000."

The fact that these figures seem pitifully small to Americans must not blind us to the percentages involved and the colossal catastrophe all this represented for the new régime. *And all these transactions took place before there were any disturbances in the Congo.*

The French left the government of Guinea similarly stranded when that country several years ago voted for complete independence from France. Such actions go far to explain the anti-Western and anti-white bitterness which exists in Africa. Although we have no desire to whitewash Soviet operations in the Congo, we must point out that Soviet talk about "imperialism" and "robbery" in the Congo, talk which comes quite as much from many African governments, cannot be written off as mere propaganda. The fear of men like Nkrumah that political "independence" will prove a fiction, because economic dependence will continue, has a basis in fact.

Finally, all this supports our contention (in the November 1960 issue) that the nature of the situation in the Congo may be such that the United Nations cannot handle it and may be weakened, if not wrecked, by the attempt to do so. The U. N. is damned by Khrushchev, Nkrumah, Sekou Touré, Nasser and the Moroccan Prime Minister for thwarting some of their plans and for failing to thwart Belgian "imperialist intervention." Belgium equally damns the U. N. Secretariat and is backed in various ways and degrees by other governments, including the United States.

The nature of the problem and one way to handle it—not open to the U.N.—are illustrated in an incident in the administration of Governor Orville Freeman of Minnesota (designated as Kennedy's Secretary of Agriculture after he was defeated for a fourth term). There was a packing-house strike in Albert Lea. When the company tried to bring in farmers from the surrounding countryside to break the strike, the workers on the picket line hurled rocks. The town was on the edge of an uncontrolled riot. Its officials asked the Governor for aid. Freeman

promptly sent the troops, who restored order in the town. He also ordered the troops to close the plant. He later explained: "When you send troops in you have to take sides. They can either keep the plant open or shut it. Well, we shut it." This remark perfectly hits off the problem of the U. N. in relation to the Congo: a power struggle, or several power struggles are under way there; various groups involved in that struggle have troops. When the U. N. sends in its troops, it, too, "has to take sides"—but which side and on what basis?

A. J. M.

## SALUTE

In this first issue of the New Year the Editors take occasion to welcome the statement recently issued by the Committee of Correspondence, a group which has grown out of a conference attended by a number of leading sociologists, psychologists and historians as well as some radical pacifists at Bear Mountain, New York, last spring. Key sentences in the statement are:

We reject reliance upon weapons of mass destruction and the logic of deterrence. . . . The question before the United States today is whether to abandon all initiative in the international situation and continue to be guided by the logic of deterrence and the arms race; or to take up the initiative once again and experiment imaginatively and courageously with ways to slow down and end the arms race. . . . We call for unilateral steps toward disarmament both on principle and as a practical strategy, which represents neither surrender to Communism nor wishful fantasy since no country courageous and rational enough to thus disarm would be an easy victory for any form of dictatorship.

It represents a genuine breakthrough in the intellectual community in this country to have a message such as this sent out by men like Jerome Frank, Johns Hopkins psychotherapist; Erich Fromm; David Riesman, now at Harvard, author of *The Lonely Crowd* and other important sociological studies; Harold Taylor, until recently president of Sarah Lawrence College; and others who have long been identified with

*continued on page 19*



# AMERICA'S LOST PLANTATION (Part II)

DAVE DELLINGER



IN HAVANA, during the middle of November, I heard Fidel Castro speak at the closing session of a labor-union convention. I had learned from innumerable conversations that the vast majority of Cubans feel a great devotion to Castro, but I am distrustful of charismatic personalities and of mass subservience to "the leader," and I was anxious to experience the atmosphere of one of those gigantic rallies of which I had read such conflicting reports. American critics speak of them as "well-staged," and Cuban supporters cite them as evidence of the spontaneous loyalty of the people to the Revolution.

When Fidel arrived he was greeted with a wild ovation that was clearly "from the heart." But then, there is no doubt that many of the ovations accorded Hitler in the 30's were also from the heart. During the course of the long evening, however, the differences between the Nazi rallies which I had witnessed in pre-war Germany and the Cuban rally were more and more apparent.

Castro himself seemed embarrassed by the ovation. After briefly acknowledging it, he slouched in a chair and buried his face in a newspaper, which he glanced at nervously without giving me the impression that he was really able to read it. During the speeches of the newly elected labor officials, he carried on informal and often heated conversations with a long stream of people who came from the back of the platform to confer—and often to argue—with him. To my amazement, just before his own speech he became involved in a particularly violent argument with four or five of his

cohorts. They were all obviously arrayed against him and did not hesitate to shake him and push him, in the course of the altercation. (He similarly laid hands on them.) When he finally came forward to speak, the occasion for this last argument was explained. He said, with obvious anger, that he had just learned that visitors in the balcony had been searched for arms before being admitted. (I had been given a front-row seat and had been spared this indignity, so had not been aware of it.) He was careful to say that he realized the officials in charge had thought that they were doing their duty, but he pounded the speaker's stand and said that if he had known that this was going to happen, he would not have come, and that if it ever happened again he would refuse to speak. "What does it mean," he said, "for the government to say that it is close to the people if the people have been divested of their arms before the members of the government meet with them?" Many in the audience tried to shout him down but he insisted and insisted and it was clear that he had not struck a very popular note.

Castro made a closely reasoned address, combining careful logic and deep emotion. He made no use of the tricks and artificialities with which speakers often seek to win or hold their audience. There was none of the spellbinding atmosphere that one feels in a "successful" mass meeting or in the sermons of popular preachers. The applause and chanting seemed to come not as a result of Castro's skill or magnetism but in response to his presentation of some fact that the people were pleased to hear—as, for example, when he told them that a trade agreement had been worked out with Japan to bring two shiploads of toys to Cuba in time for Christmas. Although there were countless interruptions for applause, the audience persisted in being a group of individuals rather than a mob. I noticed that different people participated in the ovations or refrained from participating, according to their own degree of enthusiasm for what had just been said. I felt that although there is some tendency to idolize Castro, it is the Revolution which really wins the ardor of the people—and the Revolution does this because it gives them the opportunity for a degree of self-advancement, fulfillment and personal dignity that they have never experienced before. After hearing lectures by Reinhold Niebuhr or sermons by "brilliant" Protestant preachers, I have heard people talking about what a great speaker or thinker so-and-so is, but here

I found that after the meeting the people were talking about new crops that are being developed under the program for the diversification of agriculture, the potatoes that were coming from Canada to relieve the shortage, the schools that are being built, and the strength of the people's militia. It is hard for those who have ceased to believe in the possibility of progress to understand the fervor that can grip a people who believe in the possibilities of human decency and who see the mighty being put down from their seats and the hungry being filled with good things.

As I witnessed the tremendous enthusiasm with which the audience greeted Castro's discussion of the things being done to meet the critical shortages in the Cuban economy, I remembered with shame my conversation earlier in the day with an American diplomat. He had boasted that Castro was losing his popularity in the cities because of the shortages of eggs, potatoes, beans, bacon, etc. Actually the American government was doing everything it could to create these shortages, but so far they had not had the desired effect. As I listened to Castro speak of toys from Japan and foodstuffs from Canada, I wondered if the American papers would carry headlines that Cuba had "gone capitalist" to match the headlines that she had "gone Communist" when she first made trade agreements with some of the Communist countries. As I heard him say that new food crops and other staples (such as cotton and hardwood) were being grown where the old *latifundia* had limited themselves to an unbalanced production of sugar, I thought of how the cash-crop culture produces dividends for the investors and poverty for most of the natives all over Latin America and of the fact that Castro's real offense (like Arbenz's in Guatemala, some years earlier) is his insistence that the right of farmers to eat supersedes the "right" of bankers to grow rich from absentee ownership.

After the meeting I talked with a North American newspaperman, who had told me earlier that he got the material for his articles "from the people whose business it is to know what is going on—the diplomats." He said that he was disgusted with the speech because of the ridiculous promises Castro had made. "He has fooled the people again by promising them everything but the kitchen sink, but when the time comes to deliver, he won't be able to. He will have some good excuse instead."

"But Joe," I said to him, "he promised some of the things for next week and others for a month or six weeks from now. He would be a fool to make such short-range assurances if he weren't able to carry through." The next day I went to Oriente Province, and for five days I kept seeing the realities that lay behind Castro's promises and the people's faith. I walked

through fields in which the dried husks of last year's sugar cane were rotting on the ground while new crops were in various stages of healthy growth. I saw the suckling pigs, the new poultry farms, and the acres of hardwood saplings of which Castro had spoken. One of his announcements had been that in January fifty thousand of the unemployed would have work harvesting cotton. In the Mariana Lopez Cooperative, which I visited for a day, and in other farms that I saw more briefly, I saw seemingly endless fields of healthy cotton in bloom. When I asked the farm manager at the cooperative how soon the cotton would be ready to harvest, he replied: "I don't know for sure. We never grew it in Cuba before." Unfortunately, my newspaper friend, whom I met again in Oriente, spent only one day there, in the largest city, where he had a conference with a North American banker and another with a North American diplomat.

In addition to hearing Castro speak, I heard two persons imitate him. One was in dead earnest, the main speaker at a youth rally in Santiago de Cuba. He and his associates were obviously trying to reproduce the atmosphere of a Castro meeting in order to advance their own narrow ideology. But it might as well have been the Daughters of the American Revolution trying to speak for Tom Paine. The voice was the voice of Castro, but the spirit was the spirit of Stalin, and of non-humanist Communists all over the world. Elderly "youth" leaders at the speaker's side tried to organize "spontaneous" applause or chants when he shouted the loudest or mouthed a key slogan. Unofficial ushers moved around trying to collar visitors who had come in through the open doors to see what all the shouting was about. I had known that this type of politician would try to ride the Revolution's coattails, but this was my first clear and chilling contact with such an attempt. A few days later I was to move freely and without any self-consciousness, although I was unmistakably North American, through a mass of several thousand persons who were milling around outside the local Cathedral, shouting "*Cuba Si, Yanqui No*," in response to an anti-Castro pastoral letter. But at the "youth" meeting I felt that to question and argue and probe—let alone express any serious disagreements—would be about as safe as advocating integration at a White Citizens Council Meeting in Mississippi. I was glad that I had refused an invitation to sit on the platform and be introduced to the audience. I resisted my natural inclination to leave, because I was frightened to think what would happen if such a group gained control of the country, and I wanted to see how effective they would be in selling their bill of goods to this audience.

The microphone was on at full volume and the speaker was deafening, but after a while I realized that

nobody was listening. When a chant was started, the audience would break off their private conversations and respond with lusty *Cubá Si, Yanqui No's*—but it was more in the spirit of a high-school football rally than in the spirit of the demagogues up front. For the most part the kids talked and joked and went out for refreshments, or drifted away. Finally, the speaker saw that it was no use, and gave up. Perhaps some day groups like this will betray the revolutionary impulses of the Cuban people, but I saw no evidence, in three weeks of searching, that they have made any significant headway.

I heard the other imitation of Castro when I went on a one-day excursion to a tobacco cooperative, about a hundred miles from Havana. This was one of those "guided tours" of which Americans are so suspicious ("they only show you the good things") and which I took partly in order to see what kind of control and propaganda there might be. During the day I got to know several of the guides and they won my confidence and admiration. I only wished I could have their help in other excursions. It was obviously foreign to their conception of the Revolution to try either to gild the lily or to inhibit us in any way.

Actually this was a training trip for future guides, and in the bus there were about twenty trainees and only five visitors. The "head" guide was a natural clown who enlivened the trip by smoking an eighteen-inch cigar and doing exaggerated imitations of Castro. Although the serious imitation by the young demagogue had fallen flat, the often-repeated burlesque evoked wild enthusiasm from everyone, including the young director of the Cuban Institute for Friendship with All People, who rode sitting on the spare tire. One could hardly imagine a similar success if an American guide in Washington did caricatures of a speech by Eisenhower, or if a guide at the Vatican burlesqued the Pope. Yet it was clear that the clown and his fellow-guides had a deep emotional loyalty to both Castro and the Revolution.

### Dissatisfaction with the Revolution

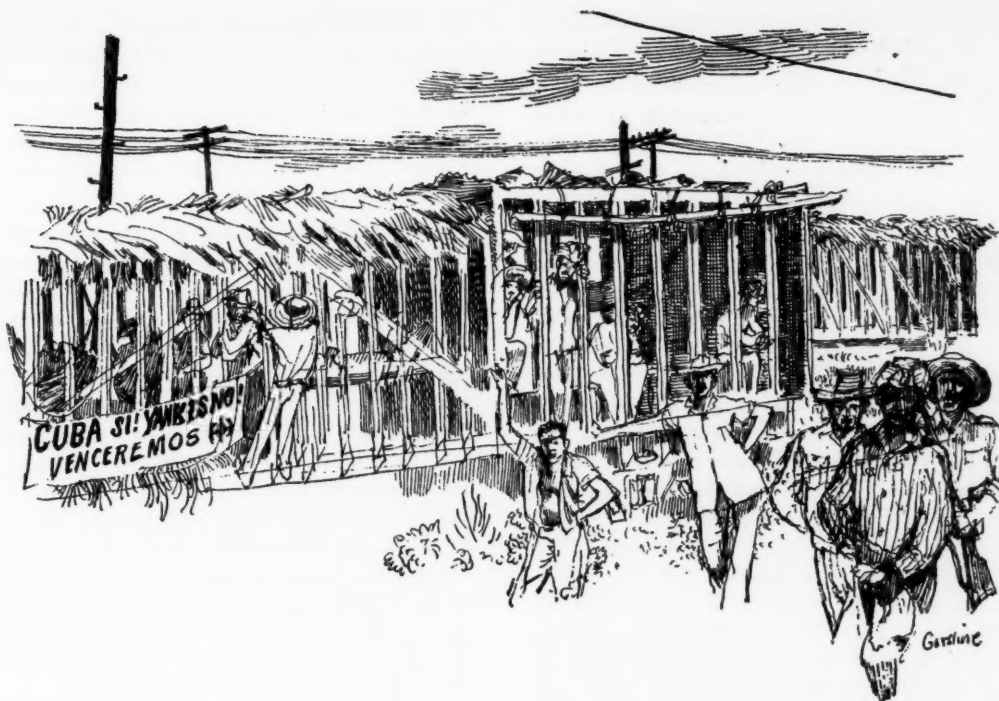
If Rome was not built in a day, Utopia has never been constructed during the entire history of the human race, and, being acutely conscious of this fact, I began early in my visit to seek out the beneath-the-surface realities which I knew must either counterbalance the inspiring achievements of the Revolution, or at least threaten their continued existence. My search brought me in contact with dozens and dozens of oppositionists, most of them open and outspoken but some of them members of a clandestine group who, to my amazement, went so far as to praise Batista, albeit cautiously. During my first week in Cuba, I talked to thirty or forty opponents

of the régime, and found that all fell under one of three general classifications: 1) Americans and a small group of Cubans who benefited from American hegemony (some pimps, bartenders, waiters, taxi-drivers, and owners of luxury shops catering to the tourist trade); 2) business men, landlords, and some professional men (who prior to the Revolution, enjoyed special privileges far in excess of those enjoyed by their American counterparts); and 3) certain Catholics.

Strangely enough, these people did not voice several of the objections most frequently raised in the United States—the summary executions, the failure to hold elections, deprivations of civil liberties, and the alleged lack of freedom of the press. Their objections boiled down to two: "You can't make money any more" and "Cuba has gone Communist." I want to evaluate each of these objections briefly, including the four charges which are raised in the United States but apparently are not considered relevant in Cuba.

1) *You can't make money any more.* The people who voiced this objection were largely right. It is probably impossible to make the amount of money formerly made by many owners of tenement houses, stores, factories, sugar mills, large farms, etc. (Not to mention whorehouses and gambling casinos, which were important sources of revenue under Batista.) Many of those who made this complaint were likeable, sincere people who had "worked" all their lives to gain luxuries for themselves or their children. Many of them only wanted things which could rightfully be considered the "finer" things in life (or even, perhaps, in a technological society, necessities) except for the fact that some people got them by denying them to others who worked under them, rented or bought from them. As typical examples I will mention the former owner of two stores who felt a natural resentment because he had recently constructed a third merchandising center at a cost of one hundred and ninety thousand dollars, only to have the government limit him to ownership of one store; the daughter of a small business man who had been sent to the United States to college and then lived off the family income for twenty years but now feared that the business would be nationalized; the doctor who was legally prohibited from taking his money with him if he emigrated to the United States but who had worked out a system for supplying an American business man with pesos on the black market in return for having money deposited to his credit in a bank in the United States; the owner of two apartment houses who in March 1959 saw his rents cut forty per cent by government decree and then had to suffer the indignity of the Urban Reform law of October, 1960, under which he receives a guaranteed income of \$450 a month for life but loses title to the property, "ownership" of which is being trans-





I drew these **campesinos** in early September in the railroad yard at Havana. They were part of the thousands who came into Havana on typical sugar-cane railroad cars for a large meeting. Hammocks are slung in these cars for sleeping, and cooking is done to one side. It was extraordinary, to me, to see the cane-covered cars, the primitive, handsome "peasants" from the hills, and the smoke of cook fires rising, right inside Havana. These are the dedicated ones of the Revolution.

**Douglas Gorsline**



ferred to the occupants of each apartment, in return for rent payments for the next ten years.

2) *Communism*. These people usually began by telling me that they had been for the Revolution at the beginning but are against it now "because it has become Communist." When I questioned them, no one was ever able to supply any tangible evidence of Communist infiltration or control, but each, in his own way, told me a personal story similar to those above. To them the limitations on personal exploitation and gross inequality are communism, and who is to say that they are not right? But if so, it is a communism closer to the teachings of Jesus, Francis of Assisi, Tolstoy, and Gandhi than to the ideology of Stalin. As I saw the pragmatic attempts of the Revolution to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, care for the sick, and educate the illiterate, it seemed appropriate that one of the slogans I saw displayed most frequently was: *To betray the poor is to betray Christ*—Fidel Castro. To some of the upper- or middle-class "victims" of the Revolution, it is inconceivable that people like themselves should be deprived of their "right" to enjoy the surplus rewards of ownership, investment, and special training in order to assure "even the least" of their brethren the minimum-decency level of work, food, shelter, clothing, and medical care. Since most American liberals find real economic sharing similarly distasteful, it is perhaps correct for them to condemn the Cuban Revolution. But if so, they should at least realize what it is they are opposed to and not think that they are standing idealistically for the protection of the "little people" of Cuba against the encroachments of a tyrannical state.

There is no doubt that in the cities many "little people" have suffered economically because of the absence of the free-spending American tourist. I found some dissatisfaction and grumbling among such people but far less than I did among the more well-to-do. I talked at length with a taxi-driver who had tried to leave Cuba, in August, in a small boat because he found it so hard to support his family in the mildly privileged style to which they had been accustomed. He and his companions had been caught four or five miles off the coast, brought back, and charged with complicity in a plot to smuggle arms for counter-revolutionists. After two weeks in jail they had been tried, acquitted and released. He did not hesitate to complain freely or to say that he has applied for a visa to get to the United States. But when I asked him if the government is Communist, he laughed. "Listen," he said, "one thing the people don't want is Russian domination. They wouldn't stand for it. When I read in the New York papers what they say about Cuba I begin to wonder about other things they say in those papers."

"That's right," chimed in his friend. "This Revo-

lution helps the family, and that is the opposite of Communism. Don't forget that England trades with Russia and China, and no one thinks England is Communist. If we hadn't bought from Russia, everything would be at a standstill. That is what the United States wanted to happen, but we would have been fools to let it happen."

As an example of what this man was talking about, I thought of how the American-owned oil refineries had tried first to put a squeeze on the Revolution by instituting a gradual slow-down in production and then to paralyze the economy altogether by refusing to process oil for the government. By May of 1960, the Texaco plant in Santiago de Cuba was refining only forty-five hundred barrels of oil per day in a plant whose capacity was twenty-five thousand barrels. When the Castro government tried in desperation to buy crude oil on its own, all sources were shut to it except the United Arab Republic and the Soviet Union. Nonetheless, the first arrival of a Soviet oil tanker in Cuba was widely cited in the United States as conclusive proof that Cuba had gone Communist. When Texaco continued its program of economic warfare by refusing to process the government oil, Cuba took over the plants. Everyone knows that modern society cannot operate without gas and other fuels, but few people stop to think of such things when a seemingly trustworthy statesman or news commentator cites *Red oil* and *Cuban expropriation of American property* as evidence of Cuba's Communism. As a matter of fact, most Americans know, when they are reminded, that the oil trusts are vast octopuses which control governments, start local wars, stifle honest competition, and make millions of dollars by overcharging consumers. Still, it is considered somehow reprehensible to defend oneself from them. In Santiago de Cuba, Texaco had rigged its operations so that it did not have to pay taxes to the Cuban government. It managed to buy machinery, oil, and transportation from its subsidiaries, sister companies, or foreign branches at prices which made it possible for it to show a purely fictitious loss on paper on its Cuban operations.

Those who still think that Cuba revealed herself as Communist when she entered into trade agreements with Russia and China should recall how the United States and England allied themselves with Stalin when they were locked in conflict with Hitler. For five years American political leaders and publicists had nothing but praise for the newly discovered democracy and freedom in the Soviet Union. Today tiny Cuba is in a position similar to that of the United States and Britain during the war. The United States is admittedly trying to isolate and overthrow the Castro government. The more scandalous of its methods are withheld from the American people—and even from Congress—just as the facts of



how the Central Intelligence Agency overthrew the democratically elected government of Guatemala in 1954 were denied at the time and have only recently been admitted, in part, in the heat and confusion of the Presidential campaign. American policy leaves Cuba no alternatives except economic and political collapse or closer alliance with the Communist countries. This will make it harder for Cuba to maintain her independence and follow the revolutionary path she is trying to take. Eight months after the advent of the Revolutionary government, Castro reiterated Cuba's position:

Standing between the two political and economic ideologies or positions being debated in the world, we are holding our own position. . . . The tremendous problem faced by the world is that it has been placed in a position where it must choose between capitalism, which starves people, and communism, which resolves economic problems but suppresses the liberties so cherished by man. Both Cubans and Latin Americans cherish and foster a revolution that may meet their material needs without sacrificing those liberties. . . . That is why we have said that we are one step ahead of the right and of the left, and that this is a humanistic revolution. . . . Capitalism sacrifices man; the Communist state by its totalitarian concept sacrifices the rights of man. That is why we do not agree with any of them. Each people must develop its own political organization out of its own needs, not forced upon them or copied; and ours is an autonomous Cuban revolution.

The real threat to the United States is not Communism—but humanism. The United States is not nearly so afraid that Communism will spread from Russia to Cuba as that humanism will spread from Cuba to the rest of Latin America. In fact the United States seems determined to do everything it can to drive Cuba in a Communist direction, either to provide a pretext for suppressing Cuban humanism directly or because it is only too anxious to prove to the people of other Latin American countries that their only choice is between capitalism which starves them and "the Communist state [which] by its totalitarian concept sacrifices the rights of man." Latin America is a vast, largely undeveloped region with rich resources in metals and oil (both sorely desired by the American military machine) and in agriculture (highly profitable to American investors and absentee owners so long as it is organized for the export market rather than to feed the people). Already American trade with Latin America is larger than with any other region of the world, and American investments are greater there than in any other area. The United States has the same stake in Latin America that France has in Algeria and Belgium had in the Congo. It is trying with similar desperation, dishonesty, and disregard for the natives to turn back the clock of history. It will not succeed, but if the American people continue to be duped by the lies and propaganda of their bi-partisan press and government, it may succeed in suppressing revolutionary humanism and forcing Cuba and the rest of Latin America into a totalitarian form of socialism.

January 1961

*Freedom of the Press.* Any honest observer in Cuba, whatever his sympathies, must report that there has been no censorship of the press and that the average Cuban is more apt to come across anti-Castro and anti-Communist literature than the average American is to chance upon pro-Communist or anti-American material. Various Catholic groups publish a wide variety of "subversive" periodicals and pamphlets, which are available in newsstands, bookstores, and from hawkers in the streets, as well as in the churches. The *New York Times*, the *Miami Herald*, *Time*, *Life*, *U. S. News and World Report*, *Readers Digest*, and other American publications circulate freely. Blatantly pro-American books and works praising the F. B. I., the Pentagon and capitalism are commonplace (some in English, many in Spanish) as are books advocating the paths taken by Sweden and Yugoslavia. The editor of the anti-Castro *Times of Havana* told me that he had never been subject to any censorship of any kind. When I suggested that he must employ self-censorship on the basis of what he knew could get by, he vigorously denied this. "Under Batista," he said, "when we had official censorship nearly all the time, I learned how to censor the copy myself in advance because I found that otherwise we just could not get out the paper. But there is nothing of that kind today."

What there is today is the economic pressure of people who do not buy periodicals that conflict with their personal viewpoint or print stories that run counter to their own experience. And there is a gradual slump in the revenue of anti-Castro papers as more and more large concerns are taken over by the government and stop advertising in them. This is comparable to the situation in the United States, where the economic power of multi-millionaire publishers and advertisers determines the nature of what Americans read in their daily newspapers and established magazines. What is really needed in both Cuba and the United States is creative experimentation in methods of establishing a genuinely free press.

*Elections, Civil Liberties, Executions.* I found no interest in holding elections in the near future, among either supporters or opponents of the régime. Everyone was agreed that if elections were held Castro and the Revolution would win overwhelmingly. Obviously this means that elections have no appeal to the counter-revolutionaries, who find it more advantageous to concentrate on getting money and arms from the United States. The only possible gain for the revolutionists would be to palliate the United States, but so convinced are they of American hypocrisy—and so anxious are they to stand on their own feet—that they don't appear to be even considering such a step. They point to the experience of Guatemala, and feel that elections would not protect them from America's evil intentions. They have a strong

(continued on page 19)

### LITTLE PRAYER

Pardon me, modern gods, if I let my  
Anxious heat to blaze with young beauties! for  
The lies and the subtle hypocrisies  
Required for thy grace, fail before her, who  
In my loneliness innocent comes to me!  
Can I still be worthy, despite you gods, of  
Innocence and sweet trustfulness  
And playful love and the child's strong glance?

Rather I might save my fawning breaths  
Of hope for thy accepting grin,  
Bland and dumb; rather I might bow  
Before her admiring shy belief that wretched  
I am innocent too; rather I might joy  
Not in thy condemning grace, but in the  
Sorrowful sweet face that takes me as I am.

### AN EDUCATION

A bitter boy, once,  
    fighting with an algebra problem,  
out of pure frustration  
    jammed the pencil point  
hard into his hand  
    and wept, and watched  
with almost lewd desire  
    the blood and tears get mixed  
over the obdurate  
    printed words:  
the man travelling over  
    the different routes  
at different times,  
    at different rates,  
and after all this,  
    how far has he gone?  
Now he's doing  
    his Ph.D  
and wanders in beery pools  
    in bloody bars  
with that same sorrow  
    of years ago  
slipping surely away  
    from his left hand,  
and that love  
    slipping away from his right.

*Richard Mayes*

### LOWER EAST SIDE

Remember that solitary prisoner  
whose friends were the very spiders? This dark home  
is like that, tho no less than forty people  
sleep over and all around this my small room,  
and the rats seem to swish thru the thin walls  
hissing and angry at the parties and the pleasure  
every two weeks. Tenfold thickened thereby,  
hatred greets my going in and out—  
so can you blame me for letting bits lie out  
for the friendly cockroaches? Or watching my mouser  
daily stalk? Filth breeds maggots, maggots  
flies, flies this endless endless buzzing  
and the power of this sickly spawning process  
means more to me than all the breedings and beatings  
in the neighbor rooms, humans tho they may be.

### PROCTORING THE BIO EXAM

The warnings before it were so intense  
that when someone dropped a ruler, the crack of it  
hung fearfully among the bent heads,  
like that sternness I too once heard;  
and I had a wild impulse to run screaming  
at the nearest boy, "You're cheating, I saw!"  
and thereupon to hear a whole crescendo  
of shrieks and laughs and schizy gibberish,  
tho occurring in my own ringing brain alone,  
for they know I will not play that adult's role.

Yet—my formal teacher's function here  
is to go and sit among the lively lads  
so they can't talk to each other.

(It slowly dies away, I guess, this shrieking desire.)

And when I walk away from the spying points,  
and when I turn and see  
the faked furrows in those faking foreheads,  
or guilty glance-and-turn-away, I know  
these animals' biology is not functioning right,

and I too explode with relief  
when that bell rattles our teeth,  
and I bolt away with the rest.

### POEM ON EIGHTH AVENUE, BETWEEN 42ND AND 50TH

My innocent-seeming face goes awkwardly among these  
rough faces.

They are getting ready for Friday night, the one who  
is not embarrassed by all his whoregirls around and makes  
them therefore feel easy, and the whoregirls themselves,  
bubbling with desperate anticipation,

They're pretty, tho a little Lesbian-looking.

Immediately a fellow comes in and buys two rounds of  
drinks for five girls to whom he speaks not one word, and  
leaves after bragging with strange exuberance about the  
amount of money he has—he is an itinerant farmworker from  
upstate New York.

So really it is all a showing-off, and exchange of  
money and half-hostile laughter, maybe with maybe sex at  
the end, because there's nothing else to do.

And God! how everyone lives a double life: in comes  
an executive young chap, Stetson and grey suit and drab  
accoutrements and all, and eyes our girls so desperate-close—  
and still does so, after fifteen minutes of not doing anything,  
with embarrassment permeating the lift of his little finger.

I see the ones walking with their wives that give such  
glancing dear wishes thru the window.

The wives firmly march ahead.

### A MEMORY

I love a certain sun I saw  
zipping on my bike one Sunday  
afternoon delivering magazines  
as a boy. And truly, it was  
"as a boy," for the sun was sad  
and I rose all wild with ache  
and longing, that standing  
stiff in the stirrups of my bike,  
almost crashing into cars,  
looking sideways over the neat  
white houses and suburban lawns  
into that orange-blazing ball,  
independent! independent!  
so that I drank the beating air  
so that all my other life  
in the face of that simple vision  
was as utterly nothing  
and these late Sunday suns,  
that gave me free tears then,  
and this bird in my throat then,  
symbolize all sadness to me now.

### A SCHOOLMASTER

It's an intellectual wish  
inspired by newfangledness  
that makes me wish composing  
in spongy helplessness  
verses of chipped stone.

By them, somehow, I hoped  
a long clearness would come;  
but in the past ten years  
I cannot even recall  
one single happy day.

But only anxious excitement  
or desperate satisfaction  
or free-floating remorse  
or, now, vague fears  
they'll catch me drinking.

### POEM

to P. G.

So they've got a petition up  
to bring the old class together,  
and get me back as teacher;  
so I inch toward Paul's example—  
(late though, and poorly;) yet  
as I show a boy his bad habit  
or praise his good one, I see surprise  
brightening the young face,  
as ever he brightens my older one,  
and flattered watch the boy I was  
know the things I never knew.



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### POEM

to P. G.

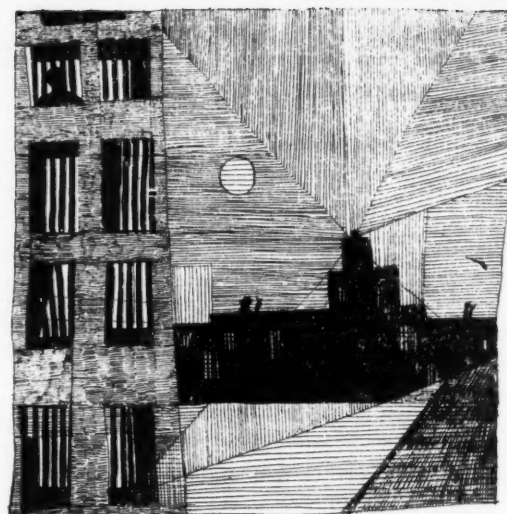
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# A LAWYER'S CASE FOR CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

Harris Wofford

I COULD MAKE a case for civil disobedience based on St. Augustine's description of the "melancholy and lamentable judgments"—the injustices—inherent in the law in this sinful City of Man, and, with pacifism as a check on the commission of new injustices, call for peaceful resistance to unjust laws. It is a good American case, defended and demonstrated by Thoreau and by a whole generation of abolitionists. "Unjust laws exist," said Thoreau. "Shall we be content to obey them, or shall we endeavor to amend them, and obey them until we have succeeded, or shall we transgress them at once?" Thoreau asked, as I think we each must ask. His answer was: "If this injustice is part of the necessary friction of the machine of government, let it go, let it go: perchance it will wear smooth . . . but if it is of such a nature that it requires you to be an agent of injustice to another, then, I say, break the law. Let your life be a counter friction to stop the machine." So he advised the abolitionists not "to wait till they constitute a majority of one." It is enough, he said, "if they have God on their side, without waiting for that other one." And he went to prison for refusing to pay taxes to a government that was upholding slavery by imprisoning and returning runaway slaves. He said that "Under a government which imprisons any unjustly the true place for a just man is also prison." But people did not understand and a distant aunt paid his taxes for him and he was put out of prison after only a one-night stand. Still, I think, his apocryphal answer to Emerson made an imprint on the American mind. When Emerson asked him why he was in jail, Thoreau replied, "Why are you outside?"

But I do not think I am a pacifist and I know I am not an anarchist and I did pass the bar. So I want to make a lawyer's case for civil disobedience. We have



been reading Justice Holmes in my class, and as always he has renewed my passion for this jealous mistress, the Law, whose loyal lover I claim to be even as I stand here advocating civil disobedience. By the way, there is a Thoreau text for this, too. "They are the lovers of law and order who observe the law when the government breaks it."

Now I realize that this involves a paradox—a central paradox of natural-law jurisprudence—that for many people spells anarchy. One man's natural law is all too often another's poison. For Socrates there was a higher law whispering to him from outside the cave of this world that told him it was the nature of man and the first principle of the teaching profession to ask questions—to question everything—and that therefore he should not obey the edict of Athens abridging his freedom of speech. But the Athenians who served him the hemlock were also obeying the highest law they knew, the need to preserve their society from subversion. I think you will agree with me that at least this one act of civil disobedience proved to be effective. For out of the cheerful prison-going and death of Socrates we learn academic freedom, and I would say that Socrates also teaches us the first principle of any Republic, the principle established for this Republic by the First Amendment.

I suppose that almost everyone here would agree that civil disobedience would be justified toward any man-made law prohibiting the public worship of God. St. Thomas said that human laws contrary to divine law ought nowise to be obeyed. The Church has gone to the catacombs before, in its exercise of the freedom of religion. And the lives of many martyrs and saints should be enough to convince us of the educational potentialities of such civil disobedience. The question is,



where else in the field of law and on what other occasions is civil disobedience also necessary and proper?

I would cite the second part of the First Amendment, freedom of speech, and the principle of equal protection of the laws in the Fourteenth Amendment as two other areas where any laws in conflict with these commands of the natural law, according to my view of man's nature, ought to be civilly disobeyed.

But as soon as I say this, I have opened a Pandora's box from which many furies may fly, including the present disobedience of the Supreme Court's school decisions by many white citizens in the South. If you doubt that the white resistance to desegregation is based, in part at least, on a firmly held and often conscientiously held, though to me wrong-headed view of natural law, then listen to this colloquy from the Congressional Record. Senator Eastland asked: "Is not the segregated way of life a better life? Is not that the law of nature?" And Senator Thurmond replied: "Well, that is the way God made the races. I presume it is."

And yet, despite the risks involved in letting loose differing ideas of natural law to contend with each other, I believe that there is a great hope for the law, particularly for the law of a Republic, at the bottom of this Pandora's box. That hope is embodied in a view of law that transcends the old idea which says that law is nothing but the command of the sovereign. In a Republic, or with men who like Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee have the idea of a Republic in their heads, every command of the law should be seen as a question.

A Socratic philosopher of the law, Scott Buchanan, has stated this thesis to show how "law teaches those who make and obey it"—and I would add, disobey it. "Laws," he says, "are questions asked by God, history, nature, or society to be answered by men individually and collectively. This formulation penetrates the heart of human freedom. It says that no law, not even divine law cancels out human freedom; the answer can be Yes or No or something else. It also tacitly warns of consequences of the answer. But primarily it forces the human being to think about ends, or purposes."

In this view, there is implicit in each law the alternatives of obedience, or of civil disobedience with full acceptance of the consequences. Once we no longer see law as a mechanical thing, once we free ourselves from the idea that as good citizens we have no choice but to obey any law passed by the legislature, no matter how bad, then of each law we must ask ourselves, is this a law that I should obey? Is it a just law? Is it so unjust that it needs to be resisted from the very inception, and cannot await the slow process of parliamentary reform?

So we are back with Thoreau, but with a difference. He thought in terms of disobedience serving as a

counter-friction to stop the whole machine of the law. I am presenting civil disobedience as a natural and necessary part of the great Due Process of our Law, that process of persuasion through which we govern ourselves. Civil disobedience, as I see it, is a kind of persuasion, the persuasion of last resort, within the boundaries of the law, sometimes the only kind available.

Of course any kind of disobedience of law may have the effect of persuasion, just as force can at times be a powerful persuader. The disobedience of the prohibition laws was violent, secret, rather cynical and largely uncivil, yet it finally led to the repeal of the 18th Amendment. But this kind of disobedience was truly beyond the legal pale. By teaching disrespect for this one law, it was indeed subversive of the Law. To have been *civil* disobedience, the resistance to prohibition would have had to be open, in the sight and knowledge of the authorities, and those thus disobeying the law should have not only been prepared to accept the consequences, but should have deliberately invited them. If those who considered the 18th Amendment a violation of their natural right to drink had courted the jails in protest, if they had, as Gandhi urged his countrymen, entered the prisons "as a bridegroom enters the bride's chamber," I think the 21st Amendment would probably have come sooner. Certainly it would have come better. I do not think we would have had the organized crime that came in the wake of the less respectful forms of persuasion that were used.

*Civil* disobedience is within the legal pale—within the Canons of Ethics of our profession—because it involves the highest possible respect for the law. If we secretly violated the law or tried to evade it or violently sought to overthrow it, that would be disloyalty to the idea of law itself. But when we openly disobey a law that we hold to be unjust and ask for the penalty, we are saying that we so respect the law that we belong in jail until it is changed. Thus Socrates refused to listen to his friends' plan for his escape from the verdict of Athens but chose instead to peacefully drink the hemlock, giving the respect he considered due to the state and to the laws in which he had lived and had his being.

Is this anarchy? I hope not, for I agree with Justice Brandeis that our government is "the potent, the omnipresent teacher" that "teaches the whole people." And I do not agree with Thoreau that "the law will never make men free." It is through law that we, like Socrates, find our freedom. But the law will play its full role as teacher only when we look upon it as a question. For it is the voice of our body politic with which we must remain in dialogue.

If the proposition to which we are dedicated is self-government, then we must respond to the law, resist it, change it, and fulfill it, even as it challenges, changes,

and educates us. Civil disobedience is one way in which we can exercise the choice that the law gives us. It is the choice that makes us free.

Now I have not even come to Gandhi, and all I will say about him is that he, too, was a lawyer—trained in London's Inner Temple—and I think he always saw civil disobedience as a constitutional form of persuasion, as a way to reach and move the minds and hearts of people and thus to mould the law.

Nor have I tried to consider the many uses and abuses of this theory. I recall a Kentucky mayor who called on his people to adopt Gandhi's method of fighting injustice, as the only remaining form of resistance to court-imposed integration. The mayor added that of course the white people wouldn't want Gandhi to come to their town, however useful his idea of civil disobedience might be for their purposes.

This doesn't disturb me. For the beauty of *civil* disobedience is that, in part at least, it answers a problem of law that has bothered people from St. Thomas to the present. Aquinas held that laws contrary to human good were not binding in conscience except in order to avoid "scandal or disturbance." Since violent disobedience, in the violent centuries that followed, did indeed often cause scandal and disobedience contrary to the common good, St. Thomas's exception has gen-

erally proved to be the rule, at least the rule for lawyers. But *civil* disobedience by its nature avoids the kind of scandal or disturbance that St. Thomas rightly feared.

In fact, what is wrong with the theory of civil disobedience in this country is not that our jails would fill. For jail-going is not the natural disposition of most men. A little jail-going against some of our laws might be good yeast to leaven the lump of our modern Leviathan. Civil disobedience could be an antidote to the centralization and standardization of our life, to the sense of fatality of the multitude as well as to the tyranny of the majority. We certainly need some kind of Socratic gadfly to stir society from its dogmatic slumbers.

No, the problem, I fear, is rather that by nature we seem more inclined to disobey not unjust laws but just ones. We all engage in civil disobedience in the form of jaywalking or speeding, to name only two popular varieties. But we hesitate to resist an unjust law. We do not take personal responsibility for injustice. Instead of taking Socrates straight, we seem to prefer the comic version. I am referring to Aristophanes' portrayal in "The Clouds," where the student of Socrates says: "But I wish to succeed, just enough for my need, and to slip through the clutches of the law." But there again, we are free to choose which Socrates—which inner light or higher law—to follow, and it is the choice that makes us free.

#### POEM

After my father died, I, one night, in a dream,  
Entered the ground in which they had planted him.  
I found him, not asleep, but lying at anchor, propped  
In a narrow boat, on his elbows, as if rising in bed.  
The ribs of the boat were his ribs, old wood,  
And his head, toward me, was its figurehead.  
A tangle of matted roots, his hair  
Had sprouted thickly through the air.  
Air, earth, or was it water? All here  
Was one dark but transparent matter.  
In awe again of parting with him, I dropped  
To my knees. Despair of meaning in our lives  
Fluttered in me. I groped to touch him. Unreasoning  
Hope then thrust my hands  
Into the thicket sprung from his brows.  
The floating shaggy web embraced me;  
I felt my blood race back and forth to me along the vine,  
And my breath stop; the sour strong perfume  
Of upturned earth choked my lungs;  
And in the one harsh stroke  
I felt my life renew, and woke.

Barbara Deming

#### EPITAPH FOR MR. ANONYMOUS

He appeared in the telephone book  
But not in WHO'S WHO.  
He left high school early,  
Because his teachers interfered with his miseducation.  
After three years in the army,  
Almost setting the world free,  
He came home to subscribe to the reactionary paper,  
Where his suspicions were embalmed in the editorial page.  
In his marriage, he soon gave up trying to use his handcuffs  
As if they were bracelets.  
He did not see, outside, dilemmas rage  
And slowly spill  
Over his window sill.  
Sunken deep in ennui,  
His two best friends were Miltown  
And the First Mortgage Company.  
Evenings, in the easy-chair of the Trite Proverb,  
He used to mutter, as his shibboleth,  
"Where there's smoke there's fire."  
The local newspapers laured him "Ideal Citizen,"  
When they exaggerated  
His imperceptible transition to death.

Louis Ginsberg

# A QUARTER FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

KERWIN WHITNAH

I WAIT for my bus at the edge of the jungle on Spring Street near Second in skidtown Los Angeles, the City of Angels—fallen. Panhandlers know me instinctively. And they're right; usually I'm good for at least a small touch—anything to get them off my back. It's like pigeon-feeding: I scatter my handful of corn and move on. A little bit here, a little bit there, just to ease my passage. Not all at once, though, or they begin to crowd me, with the greasy beaks of their old caps slanting ominously as they move in.

I fend the bums with my little minted coins just as a Tibetan with his wooden block press fights demons by printing "*Om Mani Padme Hum*!" on the swift water of a Himalayan stream from dawn to dusk. At least the bigger demons do go away for a spell. And later on, downriver, the message floats up, clear and bright as the morning paper for the lotus divers in the South Ganges to read. Of course, in the end, it all gets lost in the sea. But then, everything else does too, doesn't it?

Anyway, in spite of all the printing and minting, the demons keep flowing on down around me. Every time I turn my eyes away as I drop the coin and hear: "Thanks, God bless you, Captain, Commodore, Sir, Boss, Mate, Buddy—blessings on you, Old Pal O'Mine," I am again reminded of the endless stream of shiftlessness that flows along the gutters of our metropolis. Later on, with my pockets lightened, I think: "Water printing is for blockheads, really."

I always know when a touch is about to be made. They size me up softly and move in quickly, with just the right amount of deferential aggression, holding my eyes, so I can't turn aside until the touch connects. The particular speech doesn't matter. It is any kind of spiel between a catarrhal sob and a gabbled appeal for cash in the hand, any noise or murmur with gestures that might clink a faint echo of sympathy between two passing strangers on a warm spring evening—whatever dim human sign language it takes to stir a coin from a pocket to a shroud.

Some creep in from the curb and catch me before the stop-light flickers. Others dart from doorways dressed in vestees made from the *Daily Mirror-News*: they wear ragged overcoats with outsize sleeves. Their hands flap like jackdaws. Still others seem to force themselves up out of the spattered pavement itself, clucking in cement voices, bobbing their crusted heads, tugging and pleading. The big question, the only ques-

tion, is asked with the eyes, even before the voice gets going: "Can you, can you, *can* you?"

"Get away from me, all of you," I think. "I didn't put you down. I'm sorry. I can't keep saying I'm sorry over and over again!" But I know they want me to keep on saying it. They want me to break down, weep, kneel on the pavement, cross my arms, and then with a final convulsive sob empty my pockets into their outstretched hands before I collapse spread-eagled on the pavement.

Standing in the grotto of the coin shop's mouth next to the Penny Arcade, I hope to avoid the hungry eyes of any more Spring Street stemmers before the bus comes. I've already been conned, bummed, cajoled, wheedled and whined out of sixty perfectly good cents, U. S. coin. Today I'm near broke myself and my nerves are getting snappish with the short-change jitters.

"Hell!" I think. "Here comes one now." I see an old bozo tacking toward me through the warm haze of the Spring Street littoral, like a battered sloop trying to come about in a heavy sea. If he can catch my eye, he's got me. I may mutter and make darting motions this way and that, but I won't get out of the trap. I'll have to shut up and shell out.

I've got it! If only I can pretend a deep and passionate interest in the coin shop window display. . . . Yes! I will radiate that quality of absorption and stillness which begets respect. Draw a curtain of contemplation and shut him out. And on the curtain hang a sign inscribed in neat vibrations: NO SOLICITORS.

I see a row of Indian-head pennies ranked in bright copper formation just at eye level, clean and shining like a genealogy of freshly-scrubbed chiefs, heads held high, scouting down Spring Street for game. Perhaps there's enough memory in the magic of my childhood coin collection for a quick incantation.

But he's coming now. "Quick," I think. "Weave a web across the doorway as strong as latticed iron against thieves at closing time. Shut up shop so he'll not see me." I look again at the bright row of hatchet-faced aboriginals, a multiple birth from our old mother mint, hatched in commemoration of some forgotten anti-hero. I say to myself: "Where did they lift that 'noble' profile? How long ago? To what issue? Did Geronimo really die after he was pocketed by our culture, or did he linger on to poison our grandfathers' livers with copper oxide? Did they shift the Redskin from Indian-head copper to the pewter standard of



the nickel to make him safer? Or did they do it to torture him forever with the thought of that plump buffalo on the other side which he can smell but never taste?"

"Back," I say to the row of copper heads. "Roll the dates back now: 1899, 1895, '92 and '90. Back to the oldest one in the window. Back past Custer, and further back still into the bright metallic past toward the time of the Bering immigration and the Bronze Age."

I can see the coins, thousands of them, rolling back up the California slope past the dawn redwoods, on through Oregon, then Washington and up into the Yukon Valley toward the Diomedes; rolling back like the tiny wheels of invisible wagon trains, back and down into cold Asia, and the snow, and safety. Never to return. Never to yearn forth from the egg again into disaster.

I look up for an instant and see that the old bum has me in his sights, drifting slowly toward my doorway through the heavy air. Even at dusk it is still scorching, with the smog at panic point and the pigeons just beginning to moan in the heavy-jawed cupolas of the pockmarked tenement across the street. It makes me long for a snowburger, an Indian ice from the beginning like they used to pack the mastodons in.

And now he's on me. The rolling heads crunch to a stop halfway across the Straits. I shrink from the voice that gurgles up out of the green-black overcoat, the voice that wants to tell me of pain and feeding time:

"Say, Captain, I just come in off the coffee boats and—"

"And what?" I say quickly, diving back into the snow, trying to get those heads across all safe and sound before the pack ice melts. I hold my bus fare, a quarter, lightly in my hand, ready to ease it to him as I leave. But he's not to be put off so easily.

"See, Boss—now, I had a little tough luck down in Pedro. . ."

"Oh, sure, I see, yeah," I say, trying to bribe my way out of the alcove with the quarter held toward him.

"Maybe this will bring you a little luck, hah pardner?"

"Nah. . . No. . . Wait. . . I have this paper here. . ."

The voice is thick, the eye uncertain, the hand dirty, familiar and fumbling. But somehow he looks determined: An ancient mariner with a paper to enfold me. He crackles a sheet of scrap in one hand. The other, glazed with soot, fumbles along my lapel.

I've had the paper job pulled on me before. If they can get you to read the paper, you're done for—a goner. It usually reads the same way: "Please help, kind sir! I am deaf, dumb, blind, a corporation camp victim with chancres, lockjaw and veteran's preferments in good standing. The bankers have plucked me clean

and the judges have chucked me out—my case is on appeal." The voice, catching up, will explain: "I never did a day's begging in my life, like it says right here on the paper with all the fine print and stamps. All I want is a penny, a nickel, a dime, a quarter, or anything; so I can get that job as swamper on the next train out of town before they catch up with me—for a clean flop with a bowl of soup on the side. I ain't no wino. Honest! And you can come right in with me if you don't believe it."

"So come on Boss," the voice will plead, beginning to whine in high register, then slowly insinuating itself down the scale into a friendly *vibrato*: "Come on Captain, you look like a— and I'm a— and we're all— So how about it? Come on, so I can, hah? Oh man, can you spread me a dime, can, hah, huh?"

One of his hands thrusts the paper toward me; the other fastens on my lapel:

"See, like it says right up here. . ."

"That's right," I think. "Poke it right up into my face. Clam your dirty paws all over my clean shirt. Let's you and I go for a stroll under the Freeway and far away. Let's jungle up together under the lowest deck of the Sunset Interchange, 'neath the singing whitewalls of Greater Los Angeles. Stew-can, rum-dum and Sterno, plus a few old songs from the happy time. We will live the nomadic life of Khans under white tents of pre-stressed concrete. Study *graffiti* together, you and I."

Again he checks my thought: "See what it says—how I done—on the paper," he croaks at me, moving the paper up to my eyes and down again like a torn sail snipping in the wind.

"Well, all right. But I'm in a hurry."

If only I can look at the paper without having to hear the story. I think: "Get it over with. Pass by stranger, with your cold eyes and your frozen heart ticking away inside like a time bomb. One dull quarter the usual price of remission, *but they were always raising the ante.*"

I cough a polite apology. "Ahem!" and take a step toward the street. "I have to be moving along just about now. My bus—"

"But wait," says the voice; "stay," gropes the hand; "see," twinkle the eyes; and he moves closer.

Christ! Why do they always move in so close? I can't stand that piteous whining infighting. You're already on the ropes, helpless, and then they creep up under your guard. They want to maul you a bit in the clutch, get that human contact going, start the current snapping and crackling fresh in the old generator. Take all your charge, if you have any, plus your change.

Now, as I knew it would, the husky cataract of speech begins to splash me:

"I never should have let them get me out. I didn't know. I had a job before. I was in the Highlanders' Ridgement then. The paper shows what I done, eh laddy?"

"Sure it does. And you did. You're doing it now and you're going to be all right soon. Whatever happened in bygones, let it be gone. Even lowlifers like you and me may be on the high road some day, eh?" I manage a thin, chuckling imitation of Harry Lauder.

"But you don't unnerstan' me," he slurs in protest. "I was in the Ridgement, but not born from the Scotch. I used to work across the street; he gestures broadly toward a bank. "I'm a son of the grand little city of Puyallup, Washington, a grandson of Norway who sailed in steam, and," he adds in a conciliating tone, "I made my peace with the Swedes long time ago." He sighs in the memory of that time and a blast of raw sherry singses my face. I move back. He moves in. I move again. Again he follows closely. When we finish our two-step he has me splayed against the window.

He puts his map right up to me so I can study it at first-hand. I see a yellow pudding stippled with cinnamon spots under the crinkled skin—the complexion of an old spice grinder. He has broad scarred lips, a squashed nose, and, yes, I can make out the memory of faded blue fjords twinkling like forget-me-nots beneath the clouded yokes of his eyes. Under a duck-billed cap cocked at a jaunty angle, silver threads straggle in wisps along his bald dome.

He is gathering himself now, articulating a little better, not as drunk as I thought.

"But you understand me, don't you, hah, Captain?"

"I had a job right over there." Again he gestures toward the bank. "I was in both times; but what could I do when they came after me? I *had* to do like they taught me."

I try to edge my way out of the alcove, but he has me pinned.

"What were you in?"

"Like it says in the paper," he explains, waving the creased scraps in exasperation. "The Calgary Highlanders' Ridgement." He pokes it toward me and I can just make out the letters "H. M. S. . ." below the tattered edge. The rest is blurred with sweat along the streaked folds.

"What did you do?"

"I didn't. . . I mean I did. . . but I couldn't. . ." His hands flop like broken semaphores and he steps back. "See how they cut me? Did you ever see a bayonet thrust? One clean through this hand." He points to a white ridge of gnarled flesh on the back of his right hand.

"Where did it happen?"

"It was the second one, see. . ." he says, scratching

his head, sorting out time, trying to tie everything together. Then suddenly remembering: "But it was in the first one where they got me. In the forest. Look!"

He reaches down and hoists a dungaree leg, bends his knee and pulls it up for my inspection, showing a stretched white chicken thigh, mottled with brown scars.

I try to draw back but he grabs my hand and jams it hard against the bulging calf.

"In here and out there. And there, and there!" he says, getting excited as he forces my hand to feel up the knobbed ridge that spirals into the back of the knee joint. The leg is rock-hard, the scar ropy and dense like an extruded ligament. I pull back my hand, nervous at the sudden contact.

"Okay, okay; I felt it. It looks bad all right. Must hurt in the wet weather."

"But after all these years," he says, grabbing my coat as his trouser leg slips down slowly; "after all these years, I can't get it outta my mind. I know I done right. I had to do it, don't you see, because they cut me so bad the first time—" and he crouches suddenly, rifle at the ready, spraying a fusillade of bullets into the bank. "Ra-ta-ta-taa—Ra-ta-ta-taa!" Then he gestures the placement of the bayonet, mimicking its noise: "Click-Snap!" He jabs downward in a half circle, then swings back, stops and stands dreaming as he waits for the next recollection to fall into place.

"And I was afraid, see, when they come after me with the bayonets. So the second time. . ." His voice trails off and his shoulders begin to shake. Now another thought struggles through.

"Can I have a smoke, mate?"

"Sure." I light it for him and he lets the haze hover around his ears for a moment.

"Do you know Spokane?" he says, bringing the paper up again and pointing to a patch of blurred ink.

"Never liked it," I say. "Too much rain and greens for me."

"All one-time virgin land up there," he says, sliding into the pidgin Indian of the half drunk. "Virgin, virgin," he intones slowly, smacking his lips over the word. "Why when they come up in there the first time it was all soft and green, green and soft and fine as a frog's—"

"Look, Pal," I say, "my bus is about to come, and maybe, you know, some other time, I'll see you around. In the meantime, here's a little something for you."

I try to press the quarter into his hand.

"I don't want your lousy quarter," he snarls, grabbing my coat front with both hands, his feet shuffling, the face livid with rage. He hops lumpily from foot to foot, untied shoelaces flying. The big loose shoes go "Clomp-Clomp-Clomp," and I get into a sudden panic. This is, after all, the hour of the hunt, just at dusk, when

bottle bums with their baby buggies start perambulating for empties. And the cops, hunting two-by-two in their flat squad cars, prowl the level blocks slowly, checking doorways.

Not that it's any of my business, of course. But I hate to see anyone get padded into that bottomless wagon. And my Norwegian, with his fine carelessness so typical of the lost, is going to get himself roused if they happen to spot us. Besides, my own identification is slightly askew.

"Let's go get a cup of hot coffee," I say, hoping to calm him down. At least get him sternside into a chair and hove to. Better yet, give him a drink and as we say "Bottoms up!" careen the hull gently on its side. Then with delicate nerveless fingers slowly pluck the ageing timbers free from sea mouths and barnacle flowers. Shiver his old strakes with caulking compound. Brace the keelson, crutch up the poop and pump the bilge. Slosh a fresh pint down the hatch and send him along the ways again with a new figurehead carved on his forepeak. But I probably won't be able to steer him, either to harbor or hospice. "Maybe the agencies," I think. "The British Overseas Veterans or the Christian Somebodies Mission must have a sailor system nearby."

But I can't hold him.

"I ain't no bum," he screams, and starts to jump sideways, rocking unsteadily. "I stomped him like this," he demonstrates, "and again like this!" His shoe falls off.

"All right, all right," I say. "I can't help it now. And neither can you. Just calm down. Put that paper back in your pocket and keep your shoes on. The cops are everywhere this time of night. We'll both get picked up if you don't watch out!"

Without taking his eyes off my face for a second, he rams the foot straight down into the shoe, gets it stuck halfway in on top of the tongue, and stands there off balance, with his right shoulder slung high. He steps back and scratches his head, struggling to remember.

"He was only a little fellow."

"Where?"

"In Germany, I think it was. The second time."

"What did you do?"

"It wasn't me that made it happen. He would have gotten me later. He was growing and growing, like they do."

"But what did he do?"

"See, they taught me . . . and I waited; when he came, he was a little fellow, a blond one, about this high—" He gestures a child's outline. "—and I knew he'd get me. So I took him—"

I try to cut in: "What was he doing to you when you—"

"I told you," he insists, the words slurring out faster,

"he was a young one, but not a baby. You know I wouldn't stomp a baby, don't you?" he repeats, beginning to plead.

"Of course you wouldn't," I say, almost believing him.

"But he was almost a big one. Over there—you know how it is—you can't tell how old they are," and his voice breaks: "But why do we do it, and where do we start? You would have done the same, eh? Wouldn't you, Mate?"

"I don't know what it was or how it happened; maybe I would have," I say.

"What was my choices when they cut me so bad, and I hurt? I had to do it; and when he might have shot me in the back, I knew, even if he was a little one, he'd grow to cut me again. So I took him with my hands like this," he makes strangling sounds, locking his fingers at waist level, "and then I stomped him, and—"

"You mean you stomped a child!" I exclaim.

"No!" he protests, beginning to jump again. "He wasn't a baby but a big one! I'll show you the bullet holes in my back!" he screams, and begins to jerk like a wild man, dropping his overcoat to the ground and clawing away at a gray sweatshirt which sticks on the sloped shoulder.

"Wait!" I say, getting really panicky now. "Come on, come on. I believe you. Don't show me the holes. You can't. Not on a public street. What will the people think? The police . . ." And my thoughts sag before a vision of gray-papered flesh bursting its rag bonds in the dying sunlight.

"Put on your coat. Come on now. You're going to be okay," I say hastily, trying to lift the puddle of cloth from around his feet.

But he's gone wild now, with tears standing in his eyes and the crust on his lips dotted with white foam.

"Why do we train and learn these ways?" he moans, imploring, insistent, with a crazy light in his eyes. "I'd never do it again. I swear on the Bible I'd never. The first and the second I was in. But never again!"

I pull his coat up to the mid-line and try to yank the twisted sweatshirt down to meet it. With one foot poking out of its shoetop, his sweatshirt askew and his coat peeled down, he looks like an umbrella stork turned rib-side out by a desert wind as he gasps out the words in a scrambled rush:

"And the years I've had of it, the years and years. But I was a good one in my time. And a crafty good one at the end. You'd do the same, wouldn't you, eh laddy-buck?" he asks suddenly, screwing his eyes to gimlets, watching me. "I couldn't help crying over my paper here, the way it shows how good I done. They kicked me out when all I wanted was years ago across the street. And not to learn the ways to cut. But I had to learn 'cause they cut me so bad the first time. And there



he was, looking up at me when I turned. So first I took him; and then I stomped him," he makes savage jabs in the air: "And then I cut him to pieces!"

The voice chokes in the throat, falls backward into a muted sob and subsides. His hand slides off my shoulder. He looks down, sighs a long shuddering sigh and says quietly: "I'll take that quarter now, Captain, sir, if you please."

I hand it to him and he takes it without looking up. He limps off down Spring Street, dragging and shaking himself into his clothes, trying to walk the shoe back onto his foot.

#### CUBA (continued from page 9)

sense of operational democracy and contrast their own day-to-day freedom in the midst of a revolution with the subservience of the average American, who can choose periodically between the candidates of two mammoth machines but in most important questions is at the mercy of either the government or the corporations. They point out, as an example, that Americans can be fired at the whim of their employers but in Cuba there is a law against arbitrary dismissal. They stress that Cubans hold elections in their unions and cooperatives, and vote, in these organizations, on many of the important questions that affect their daily lives. They feel that the Revolution is in mid-passage, is under severe economic attack from the United States and is in imminent danger of military invasion. They feel that to hold governmental elections right now would be merely to set up a meaningless diversion from the tasks for which they already have too little time.

For all the force of these arguments, I was disappointed that there was more emphasis on pointing to the farcical nature of elections in the United States, and in the past in Cuba, than on thinking about ways in which elections could be reorganized to make effective supplements to the day-to-day democracy which is evolving so impressively. The people may be getting what they want, but politically Cuba is under the control of a small group of idealists who formulate the laws and broad policy (after unusually imaginative and conscientious consultation with the people involved.) The history of politics makes it clear that it is dangerous for even "good" men to hold this kind of power for any length of time.

In actual fact, Cuba has a far more potent check on the government than elections provide in the United States. That is the distribution of arms among the peo-

"Goddam it to hell!" I say, as I see my bus pulling away. I make a dash for it but the door slams shut and the hot exhaust brings tears to my eyes.

I try to scuttle back into my alcove, but the proprietor is standing in the coin shop doorway now, eyeing me suspiciously as he closes the metal lattice, "Click-Snap!"

Clutching my fare, I turned toward the curb to wait; and I see another bum, half-dead under as he founders toward me across the street—coming to sink me on the sidewalk where I stand.

ple. The history of all previous revolutions (including the American and Russian) has been that one of the first acts of the new governments was to force the people to surrender their arms. Castro has reversed the traditional process. He has disbanded the centralized and hierarchical army and given more and more arms to the people through the informal and voluntary People's Militia. If the people of Cuba were as regimented, deprived of civil liberties, and ready to revolt as the United States claims, Castro would not answer the threat of invasion by widely distributing machine guns. I will fear for the Revolution if it calls in the people's arms and replaces the People's Militia with a tightly controlled and centralized army similar to those which the United States subsidizes in other Latin American countries. On the other hand, Cuba will have more chance of preserving her present idealism and avoiding the corruptions attendant upon her enforced involvement in the international power struggle if she takes one more giant step forward and begins to study and develop methods of nonviolent resistance. (One aspect of this would be to stop the execution of counter-revolutionaries, a penalty which is reserved for those who have been convicted of murder and which would win overwhelming endorsement at the polls, but which, if continued, will inevitably lead to the devaluation of all human life.)

Cuba has brought new freedom and dignity to its people and enriched the human heritage by its far-reaching economic and social changes. Will the Revolution now be so overwhelmed by its struggle for survival against the rival encroachments of capitalist America and the Communist bloc that its progress grinds to a halt? Or will the revolutionary enthusiasm of several million Cubans continue to add new dimensions to man's understanding of freedom?

**EDITORIAL** (continued from page 3)  
the unilateralist position, including  
LIBERATION editors Sidney Lens and  
A. J. Muste.

Among others who have signed the statement are: S. I. Hayakawa; Robert Heilbroner, of Harvard; Robert M. Hutchins; Alfred Kazin; I. A. Richards; Walter Millis; and Dallas Smythe, of the University of Illinois, until recently a member of the Federal Communications Commission, as

well as LIBERATION writers Kenneth Boulding, Paul Goodman, Michael Harrington, Lewis Mumford, and Kenneth Rexroth.

There are probably considerable differences among signers as to the specific application of the statement's rejection of the whole concept of deterrence, and it will be interesting to see how these are worked out. In the meantime, the purpose of the Committee of Correspondence, which

is to stimulate widespread discussion, especially in the intellectual community, of the thesis that deterrence is out and that "alternatives to organized violence" must be sought, is timely and eminently sound. A copy of the statement will be sent on request by the Committee of Correspondence, P. O. Box 536, Cooper Union Station, New York 3, New York.

THE EDITORS

# MURRAY KEMPTON and BAYARD RUSTIN

Columnist, New York Post

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